

On
Wednesday,
June 2nd.

**John Leech's Pictures
OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.**
From the Collection of "MR. PUNCH."

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VOLUME
THE
NINETYTHIRD.

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE
HOTEL METROPOLE
LONDON, S.W.

This Magnificent Hotel, situated in NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE and WHITEHALL PLACE, is arranged and furnished to afford Residents every possible convenience and comfort. In addition to a large number of single and double Bedrooms, there are elegant suites of private Apartments. The position is Central, the arrangements are complete, the public rooms are magnificent, and the charges are moderate. APARTMENTS may be secured by Letter or Telegram addressed to the Secretary,

HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON, S.W.

ROOM FOR RUBINSTEIN!

STAND back, ye minor pianists, for awhile, and take a lesson! RUBINSTEIN, the finest player in the world, is with us once again.



The Cyclone visiting England.

opening Concert, the short people at the back of the hall, and the expectations of everyone present, were on tip-toe to get a first glimpse of the cyclist. Such an enthusiastic greeting as ANTON RUBINSTEIN received might well shake the mental equilibrium of a lesser artist. But down he sat, calm, self-possessed, impassable, to begin the programme upon which, first and foremost in chronological order, stood the innocent strains of two Englishmen, THOMAS BIRD, and Dr. JOHN BULL. The latter did not compose "God Save the King"—a fact greatly to his credit.

Departed celebrities of every kind are said by historians to have "flourished" at such and such a period. In a double sense is this true of the earlier Composers, whose works betray a child-like tenderness for bird-like chirrupings. They soothe the contemplative mind, but do not excite the various emotions which it is the object of the Moderns to arouse. Hence, the first concert was rather interesting to the student, as illustrating the advance of pianoforte music, *via* the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord, than impressive to those among the audience who had passed their novitiate. Together with BIRD and BULL, SCARLATTI, BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN, and MOZART were all disposed of at one sitting—summarily, as it might at first sight seem. But then it must be borne in mind that the reputations of the last four writers are principally associated with the orchestra and music for the fiddle tribe. This is not surprising when we reflect that the pianos available even in the days of MOZART were still most ungrateful instruments. The harmless and quaintly graceful music was of course faultlessly rendered; and HANDEL's variations upon "The Harmonious Blacksmith" were taken at a pace which made many listeners "sit up."

Three Composers are, in the scheme of the series, honoured with a concert to themselves. These are BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN, and CHOPIN; and their works will be heard at the second, the fourth, and the seventh recitals respectively. There is every justification for this arrangement. With characteristic modesty, RUBINSTEIN has not devoted any entire programme to the discussion of his own pieces, though the public would certainly not have complained had he done so. His particular Muse will, however, find expression at the seventh (mystic number!) recital, in company with NICOLAUS RUBINSTEIN of that ilk, and such small contemporary deer as LIADOFF, BALAKIREFF, RINSKY-KORSAKOFF, and CÉSAR-CUL. My gracious! What names! Familiar, too, don't they seem? In the same category the patronymic of TSCHAIKOWSKI rings refreshingly as that of an old friend. But a truce to *badiane*. RUBINSTEIN as composer of orchestral and pianoforte works enjoys an European fame to the full as great as that achieved by his playing. And, since he is a scientific and inspired musician into the bargain, a very powerful combination of genius is represented in an individual—so powerful indeed as to be unprecedented, unless in the case of SCHUMANN. All hail, thou Moldavo-Russian, a cup of wine to thy health! And mayst thou reap a golden harvest with thy Cyclo!

NIBBELUNGLER.

ON EPSOM EVE.

TRUST Seers unto your sorrow,
What's dubious to divine.
The Sun will rise to-morrow;
That's safe—but will he shine?
None but a young beginner
Can credit, or suppose,
A man e'er names the Winner,
Unless the Prophet knows.

You can but wait and wonder.
Predictions are in vain.
Look out for squalls, for thunder
And lightning, hail and rain.
The Derby was, one season,
Amid a snow-storm run;
May, with a North-east breeze on,
Once more be lost and won.

FOLK-LORE AT FOLKESTONE.

WHEN, Sir, you said, "Be off, and do it," I rushed away, and, special trains being of no account (thanks to the courtesy of the ever amiable Mr. MYLES FENTON) soon found myself at the Folkestone Exhibition. To my delight I discovered it was the "Press view day," and consequently had the advantage of the lecture of a *cicerone*, denied to the general public. As I am a little deaf, and there was a good deal of talking, which partially drowned the speaker's voice, I am not quite sure I caught *all* he said, nor am I certain that what I *did* catch I caught accurately; but these are the statements I fancy he made:—

The Folkestone was the finest Art Exhibition in the world. Florence was not in it, and South Kensington was simply nowhere when compared with Folkestone.

All the curious armour decorating the transept came from the Tower of London; and if a report had got about that the collection had been supplied from the armoury once attached to Astley's amphitheatre, the rumour was a *canard*. The armour was quite genuine, and very historical.

The lecturer, a most pleasant gentleman (I heard him called a *Vine* of several Summers, who would and could and *should* flourish everywhere), who informed me that he was my "Hon. Executive Adviser," seemed extremely proud of this martial display.

"You see," he said, "this is all genuine. That armour has been worn by the British Army from the time of the Roses up to the present. And as for those tattered flags, they have been carried to victory on many a hard fought field by the British Army and the Militia!"

I noticed that the tattered flags were being hammered on to the walls with a vigour that would be likely, when they got back to the Tower, to add to their bullet-torn appearance. My "Hon. Executive Adviser" gave me further tips.

There were a lot of pictures—modern and ancient. The modern pictures were finer than anything that had ever been seen before; and the ancient—well, they were "Old Masters."

As I walked through the first Fine Art gallery, I was much struck with some of the exhibits. There was an admirable portrait of either WILSON BARRETT or HENRY IRVING (as there was no catalogue I was forced to make a guess as to which it was intended to represent) in the character of *Hamlet*. Another "advertisement picture" was what I took to be the original of that charming conception of the hoardings, the young lady who washed herself ashore with a piece of soap. Yet a third of the same class—a magnificent study of a gorgeous blue silk dressing-gown, which I fancy could not have been run together for less than two pounds, and which, considering the material and the trimming, would have been extremely cheap at that price! The artist, to give additional interest to what, I suppose, he intended for a sign-board, had introduced a likeness of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, as an appropriate accessory.

Hurrying through the Galleries, we came to the department devoted to curiosities. Here I found my "Hon. Executive Adviser" once more overflowing with information. I regret to say that I could not quite catch *all* he said, but I fancy he told me this:—

One of the cases contained the waistcoat in which JAMES THE FIRST was beheaded by OLIVER CROMWELL. Another, the latch-key that MARY, Queen of Scots, gave to CHARLES THE SECOND to admit him to Kensington Palace, at that time a part of the Cinque Ports.

A third, the pocket-bible that EDWARD THE FIRST carried with him to the battles of the Roses. This came (I think) from Dover Castle.

A fourth, some enamels and snuff-boxes belonging originally to the Princes murdered in the Tower. Some of these were very quaint, and proved the infant collectors to be children of no ordinary intelligence.

A fifth, the tattered flag of the Cinque Ports, borne before the Warden five hundred years ago, and, consequently, at least of that age, if not older. The exact birthday was not recorded.

Then there were hanging-up irons in which pirates used to be executed, and gags for a scold, and tapestry, and pillories, and, in fact, every luxury that could be imagined to render a mediæval home really happy.

Following the "Hon. Executive Adviser," I revelled in some exciting French pictures and an admirable display of the aforesaid "Old Masters," which were all the customary complimentary adjectives, and a few over. Without doubt the Exhibition will be a great success, and reflects credit upon all who took part in its creation.

The day concluded with a magnificent display of modern hospitality under the superintendence of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND. The "gem of the curiosities" was the speech of the Mayor of Folkestone, in gracefully returning thanks for "Prosperity to the Exhibition," proposed by a well-known journalist, dramatist, and musician. This quaint oration was "so unique" that it can be neither imagined nor described further than to say its characteristic was the element of surprise. No more at present from

YOUR IMPULSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.



A LOST ILLUSION.

THE TOO SUSCEPTIBLE JONES GOES TO PARIS FOR THE FIRST TIME (TO SEE THE SALON, OF COURSE). LIKE A TRUE BRITON, HE HAS ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT BEAUTY WAS THE EXCLUSIVE MONOPOLY OF HIS COUNTRYWOMEN. HE FINDS, HOWEVER, THAT THIS IS FAR FROM BEING THE CASE—AND QUITE FORGETS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

PROFESSOR WARR is a wag, as, of course, he must be when WARR produces a piece. A lasting piece it was, too; though how long it

lasted I can't exactly say. At the Prince's Hall, the other evening, in the interests of Greek art, a young lady flung herself about in astounding attitudes, as Clytemnestra, and mercilessly hurled at the head of her suffering audience, a speech of no less than sixty-one lines, without a break or pause. Whereupon that silly dog, Agamemnon, who had been away from home for ten years, replie:—

Daughter of Leda,
guardian of my
house,
Full lengthy is thy
parley: 'tis a match
For my long absence.

This, let it be remarked, was in no profane burlesque, but in a concentrated essence of the Orestian Trilogy prepared as a

soporific for society in Piccadilly. When the audience laughed heartily at Agamemnon's latest humour, the Professor sprang up from his seat, and glared at the audience, for though he was unarmed with a cane or a birch-rod, he insisted on silence, and protested alike against merriment and laughter. On one occasion the victims of Orestes broke out into open mutiny. The cast, with one exception, was too seriously weak for criticism. Clytemnestra stormed, Agamemnon preached, the chorus and protagonists knocked up against one another on the stage, the figures in the *tableaux vivants* by WATTS, R.A., POYNTER, R.A., WALTER CRANE and Co., wobbled in the lime-light, but when, to the delight of everybody, it was found that pretty Miss DOROTHY DENE put life and force into the captive prophetess, Cassandra, when for the moment she became actually inspired, casting aside the modern manner, and giving us tragedy as it should be acted, and poetry as it should be spoken, the delighted audience, released from an imprisonment of dulness, broke out like schoolboys into the fresh air of applause. Miss DOROTHY DENE electrified them with her prophetic warning. But this was too much for the Professor. Up he jumped, indifferent to the presence of the Prince and Princess of WALES, and to the beaming countenance of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, all of whom were vigorously applauding the delightful DOROTHY. His face glared in the gaslight. His spectacles glistened like balls of fire. His classic forehead shone with indignation, and then he gave vent to these words, "No! Applause! I won't have it!" The startled audience for a moment sunk abashed into silence. They thought they had been guilty of some shocking solecism. Recovering a moment after, a shameless old gentleman clapped his hands under his opera hat. The Professor popped up like Jack-in-the-Box. "I tell you no! you mustn't." A young lady tapped her fan against the opposite seat. "This is shameful!" shouted the Professor. A graceless youth knocked his stick against the floor. The Professor leaped to his feet. "How dare you do it! No applause!" Whereat their Royal Highnesses roared with laughter, the schoolmaster conquered, the Orestian Trilogy dragged its slow length along, for poor Cassandra was found dead on the floor at the foot of Agamemnon's couch, and hidden by the footlights.

When next Miss DOROTHY DENE has an opportunity of showing her undoubted talent in a play that demands thought to conceive a



An ideal "Rural Dene," or Cassandra *chez elle*.
concentrated essence of the Orestian Trilogy prepared as a



VIVA EL REY!

character, and power to execute it, may I be there to see her. I promise to applaud her, and shall not be deterred from that pleasant duty by fifty Professors of Greek or any other dead language. *ÆSCHYLUS* may be sacred, but he is uncommonly slow.

PROMPTER'S BOX.

Cave!

POLITICAL TROGLODYTES, though you look brave,
Let History say if you're likely to win;
It tells us of many who dwelt in a cave,
But most of them finally had to cave in.

SPANISH MONEY.—*Doubloon*. Equal to about £3 5s. nominal value, but a horse in fact worth considerably more than a pony.

A CASE OF FEE SIMPLE.

(By our BOARD of WORKS.)

[MR. BOARD has introduced a Bill to render Barristers-at-law liable to any person who employs them, and enabling them to recover their fees.]

LET US PITY THE POOR LAWYER,
Whose vexation makes him dumb,
For his fee will now no longer
Be a honorarium!
To what matchless degradation
Has a grand profession come,
When the advocate's reward is
Not a honorarium!
The desire to hand a brief on
To a rising junior chum
Now will have to be resisted,
Or—no honorarium!

If a Counsel should omit to
Earn his stipulated sum,
Clients won't, to "learned" truants,
Pay the honorarium.

And, if paid, it can be sued for,
Though it makes a "Leader" glum
To forbid him to retain a
Thumping honorarium.

But perhaps the wily "Solōr"—
Here of comfort is a crumb—
Now will somewhat quicklier find his
Counsel's honorarium!

THE PRIDE OF THE PEERAGE.—*Ormonde*.
If at all in fault, he will make the "Ormonde
honorable." Ahem!

"THREE to One, bar One!" Where is *The
Bard*? Shall we say, "Bard's the best"?



A VOCATION.

Undergraduate (fresh from the Schools). "By Jove!—A WHITE TIE SUITS ME SO WELL, I THINK I SHALL GO INTO THE CHURCH!"

A REAL STARTLER!

THE Henley Meeting will provide a novelty for spectators this year if there is any truth in the announcement recently made in the *Evening Standard*, under the heading of "Sporting Items." It said:—

"The stewards of the Henley Meeting have decided to ignore the petition of the townspeople respecting the alteration of the course. The Regatta, therefore, will start from the bottom of the river at Regatta Island."

Those who have seen the Cirque Nautique in Paris will remember how the Naiads first appear coming up from under the water. But for an entire Regatta to start "from the bottom of the river" and come up to the top will be the greatest attraction that Henley has ever offered. We hope the compiler of the *Evening Standard's* Sporting Items has many such treats in store for the public.

A REVIVAL.—So "Authors' Nights"—under the light and airy name of "Matinées," which is only old-fashioned "Benefit" writ large—may come into vogue again, that is, if the example of the authors of *Jack Sheppard* burlesque, who initiated this old return, not "new departure," last Friday, is one which other dramatic authors will care to follow. But why not? Why shouldn't the authors have a benefit as well as the actors? It sounds too much like "going round with the hat" to be quite agreeable to the feelings of the Highly Respectable. But, sometimes, pride must be put into the pocket first if money is to follow. The "Authors' Nights" meant pretty well all the remuneration an author received when he was only paid out of the "overplus," which did not usually amount to very much: but, later on, three Authors' Nights put £400 in GOLDSMITH's pocket for *The Good Natured Man*, and if this could be the rule nowadays, such nights might be revived with considerable advantage to the authors, if they do not consider the means undignified. There are good names for the practice, and good ones against it. DRYDEN refused to avail himself of Authors' Nights, but GOLDSMITH was only too glad of the chance. There are some hard cases in which the authors deserve a benefit to make up for what they are compelled to lose by a purely managerial arrangement which cuts short the run of a successful piece. The manager suffers too: but by his own fault.

THE WEARING OF THE ORANGE.

Specially arranged for those who are asking "Whether Ulster will fight?"

In your thousands, my boys, ye will muster.

"In your thousands,"—observe ye the brag—

For it's big that ye'll talk, ay, and bluster,

If you mean to be serving the flag.

Ye must pile up your story with slaughter,

Tell the deeds that you've done in your might,

Sing your song to the tune of "*Boyne Water*,"

And just vow you're a devil to fight.

Ay, blow your own trumpet, my boys; that's the way

To show them you're wearing the Orange to-day.

And ye'll shout, my boys, louder and louder,

Till they think that ye'll give it them hot.

Though it may be ye've run out of powder,

And never meant firing a shot.

But no matter; keep up agitation,

While ye boast you're defending the Crown,

And, though only a fifth of the nation,

Swear you'll hold all the rest of it down.

Ay, plenty of bounce, boys,—and sure that's the way

To prove that you're wearing the Orange to-day.

But if Parliament press on the measure

Till it comes to be law of the land,

Say, my boys, will it suit your good pleasure,

That the dastardly outrage shall stand!

Well, bedad, though you're ripe for all treason,

And will threaten your country and QUEEN,

I suppose that ye'll listen to reason

And be wise—as ye always have been!

Perhaps, on the whole, 'tis the pleasantest way,

To show how you're wearing the Orange to-day.

SCRATCHED.

LORD SALISBURY's Twenty Years' Coercion, by Mere Figure of Speech out of *Momentary Excitement*.

The Czar's New Russian Navy, by Bunkum out of *Expediency*.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's No Compromise, by *Obstinacy out of Temper*.

Mr. TRICOUPI'S Majority, by *M. Delyannis out of his Senses*.

The Comte de PARIS's Proposed Expulsion, by *French Republic out of Petty Spite*.

The Queen-Regent of SPAIN's Good Time Coming, by *Alfonso the Thirteenth out of his Nursery*.

Mr. GLADSTONE's Last Resource, by *Dissolution out of his Difficulties*.

ABSTIN OMEN!—A Cat in the stable was seen squatting on the back of the Derby Favourite. The horse was, evidently, very nearly being scratched.

SPORTING TIPS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



A Sporting (S)center.



Backed at heavy 'Ods.



Hi! That's Mine.



Good All Round Sport.





THE FIN

CH-MB-RL-N
ON
"UNITY."

GL-DST-NE
ON
"AUTONOMY."



FINISH !!

S. L. S. B. R. Y.
ON
"COERCION."

H. R. T. N.
ON
"WHIG."

THE FINISH !!

THE race is at its hottest, and the cry is, "Here they come!" They are gathered in a cluster as they round the turn for home. The pace has been a cracker, it was set them by the Crack, With the oldest, yet the daringest, of jockeys on his back. He has won a lot of races by that same prodigious dash, But this time he's overdone it, and must come to utter smash, Say the cuttest race-course oracles. The Favourite this year Is a horse of stretch tremendous, but its pedigree is queer; By *Sedition*, out of *Shamrock*, say the knowing ones, though some Hold the sire was rare old *Statesman*, which the others deem a hum. He has come into the betting in a very sudden way. He was last year thought a ripple, who could neither spurt nor stay. He has never won a race yet, having commonly been scratched, Whether for market reasons or from being overmatched; But his trainer has done wonders with a most unlikely horse, And thinks his chance is rosy, over this especial course. And the stable is so popular, the jockey is so skilful, That, although the strain seems doubtful, and the horse's temper's wilful.

Yet the nag has lots of backers, though the knowing ones fight shy. The crowd has put the pot on and seem game once more to try Luck with their favourite jockey, whatsoever be his mount. Well, his chances at the moment do not look of much account. He has made the running fiercely; he has boldly forced the pace; Will he keep the lead much longer? Will he even get a place? He has "come back to his horses" in a most decided style. And the face of the old jockey does not wear its usual smile. His cool, wiry, younger rival, whom the shouters hail as "JOE." The hope of the same stable but a few short months ago, Is bent upon a cut at his old chum; he may be seen In red white and blue on *Unity*: he's close upon the green, He seems to overhaul him, as he comes hand over hand, With no mercy for the Old one, and no reverence for the Grand. Oh, *Whig* is very handy, and *Coercion* makes a show, But what the Favourite chiefly fears is *Unity* and *JOE*. WILL's a wondrous artful jockey, and he's best at pinch and push, But can he land this race, though, with his favourite final rush? See, see, he lifts his whip-hand, he is riding, riding hard, Yet the Favourite's nose is scarce in front, there isn't half a yard Between him and the second. Half a yard? There's not a foot, And the Favourite looks pounded, and his jockey fagged, to boot. Their followers look frightened, they're in doubt about their "tin." He will make a plucky race for it; but can he, can he win?

ATHENIANS AT HENGLER'S.

"And very notably discharged."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*. I HOPE the British School of Archaeology at Athens has profited considerably more than I have by the performance of Mr. TODHUNTER's *Helena in Troas*, at Hengler's Circus. Considering the difficulties with which Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., had to contend, he has to be congratulated on his success in reproducing the most perfect imitation of a Greek Theatre ever seen in London.

The first thing was to make it as unlike a "Ring"—redolent of sawdust, and associated with jocose memories of Mr. Merriman and the Ring-master—as possible; and this end was partially achieved by burning a considerable amount of incense, suggestive of the Circus having been "converted" into a place of worship, Roman or Greek, or even Irvingite, so that to those who came to scoff it was thus intimated that they were expected to remain to pray, or at least

"Paris and back,"—especially the back. to listen with such reverent attention as would be utterly incompatible with the jests of the Shakespearian Clown, or the antics of "Little SANDY."

In the centre of the Circus has been erected an altar to *Diervoss* ("the only *os* in the ring," remarked the irrepressible Mr. WAGSTAFF, who had already taken occasion to whisper that "we oughtn't

to be incensed before the performance began," and that "the Circus has been materially altered")—and viewing the Ring from the stalls, its aspect reminds me of a huge swimming-bath after the water had been "run off," apparently through a large square hole, underneath the stage, looking uncommonly like the aperture of an enormous drain-pipe. As this thought occurs to me, the curtains rise,—a concession to modernism, sorely vexing to the classical souls of Professors GODWIN and TODHUNTER,—and, at the same moment, from a small door on the left of the stage, appear a number of young Ladies in elegant classic bathing-dresses, who have either come to stretch their limbs and promote circulation by walking round the now dry bath after bathing, or previous to bathing are going to wait till the water is turned on. At all events, formed two and two, like the young Ladies of *Miss Tickletoby's* Academy coming from church, they go round the Circus with a graceful movement of the arms and heads, pantomimically expressive of the process of eating tantalisingly flaccid asparagus; and then, as they walk round, they appear so utterly bored with it all, so weary of everything and everybody, that it is evident they would be glad to leave off slithering about on the tessellated pavement in order to flop down anywhere for rest,—which, by the way, they all ultimately do, the ones with some vitality still left in them having their faces towards the stage, while the hopelessly exhausted maidens recline, limp, but classic to the last, with their backs to the performers.

A month's training at the Savoy from Sir ARTHUR and Sir Author would be of distinct advantage to Messrs. TODHUNTER and GODWIN's band and chorus—that is, to judge from this first representation. The Greek young Ladies have to keep their eyes on a stately head-pupil, or perhaps governess, whose actions they closely imitate. This lady's Grecian profile is not, I notice, unlike MARY ANDERSON's as *Galatea*, but here the resemblance ceases, at least, without a considerable development of the idea, as, after gazing upon her for some minutes—it required all that to take her in completely,—I could not help exclaiming, in the words of the immortal *Kotter und Botos*, by MADDISON'S MORTONOS, "There is no mistaking that majestic personage, it is PENELOPE ANNE!"

Henceforward, Chief Teacher, Governess, or Head-Pupil of the Grecian Young Ladies' Academy, to me she was only, and could only be "PENELOPE ANNE." The young Ladies now practise a series of graceful extension motions as their contribution to the scenes in the Circle, and, after a melancholy chant, in which, I believe, they are expressing opinions anything but complimentary to the play, the actors, and Messrs. TODHUNTEROS and GODWINOS, there enters a young classical Lady on the stage, whose face the light will not permit me to see clearly, but who, I am informed, is Miss ALMA MURRAY (had it been *Alma Mater*, or ALMA TADEMA, it would have been more in keeping with the classicality of the occasion,—but "Murray come up!" as Mr. WAGSTAFF wittily observed, "you can't have it all your own way"), as *Helena*.

She, being on the stage, is addressed by PENELOPE ANNE, who is in the Circus, and this is just as startling as if some one in the pit or stalls got up suddenly and addressed HENRY IRVING, and gave him a bit of his mind, and didn't spare the rough side of his tongue. For it seems to be PENELOPE ANNE's peculiar and somewhat presumptuous mission to rise on every occasion and to abuse the principal actor or actress, lecturing them sharply, discussing with them individually the motive and action of the play, and I must admit getting occasionally severely and deservedly snubbed in return for such uncalled-for and impertinent interference.

Yet it would not be an unwholesome innovation were a semicircle in front of the stage to be cleared out on every first night, into which a band of critics, two and two, should march, in classic attire, headed by Mr. MOY THOMAS, Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT, or Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, who should stop the action of the play to inquire why HENRY IRVING or Miss TERRY did so-and-so, why he said this or that, why they spoke in such tones, and who should offer their opinions collectively, after consultation with their *doyens*, as to what ought to be cut, what retained, and to recommend alterations and reconstruction, or whatever they might consider necessary for ultimate success of a new piece. Fancy the first night of a melodrama, or a Pantomime, at Drury Lane, with AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS on the stage to explain, apologise, and, if possible, snub the chorus of critics as they hopped down on the floor of the house, a spectacle for gods and men. The revival of the Chorus in this form might have its use. And indeed, I think that this is the moral of the classic experiment at Hengler's. I can deduce no other of any practical value.

Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE was an Ideal *Paris*—to those who had figured *Paris* to themselves as Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE. The same may be said of *Helena*, *None* (with a sensation "footer" off the ramparts) and the rest of the principals, including Mr. VEZIN, who gave one fine speech about "King Zeus" finely. But, on the whole, the performance by these learned Athenians—always excepting PENELOPE ANNE and the Greek Girls' School—struck me as bearing a remarkable resemblance to the celebrated classic drama called *Pyramus and Thisbe*, as played before their Royal Highnesses *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* at Athens, on a most memorable occasion.

Zögres Nubiez.





STARTLING !

Constable (to Nervous Passenger, arrived by the Romsgate Train). "I've got yer"—("Ger-acious Heavens!" thinks little Skeery with a thrill of horror. "Takes me for somebody that's 'wanted'!")—"A CAB, SIR!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD."

It is writ by THOMAS PRESTON,
And is, so it appears,
The history of Beefeaters
For just four hundred years:
It has graphic illustrations—
To please you must be hard,
If you're not interested in
The Yeoman of the Guard.

"EFFIE OGILVIE."

You'll find the story is replete
With Mrs. OLIPHANT's accustomed skill:
Though you may think it short—'tis sweet,
And one you ought to read, and read you
will!

"THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE."

THIS book, by O'CONOR, all ought to peruse—
We welcome the second edition—
When everybody holds different views
Concerning the Irish position!

"THROUGH THE KALAHARI DESERT."

FARINI and LULU, in collaboration,
Produced in past times an undoubted sensation!
FARINI now writes, with acute observation,
A book of adventure and thrilling relation;
Of hunting big game, and of strong situation:
While LULU, as artist, supplies illustration.
Send at once for the volume without hesitation,
You'll find 'twill conduce to your edification!

GAY HERMIT should prepare for a cell.

FAIR PLAY.

THE Folkestone Exhibition is to be open on Sundays, which is a move in the right direction, as is also the opening of the Crystal Palace for Sunday dinners. In *Oceana*, Mr. FROUDE asks plaintively why we are not permitted harmless enjoyment on Sundays, and on board ship he found the observance of this Puritanical tradition most irksome. And yet the appearance of the river on Sundays in Summer and of the Riverside Hostelries would not convey to the intelligent foreigner the idea of the English being averse to enjoying themselves on the first day of the week.

It is only a very illiberal party that would have legislative coercion either for or against making holiday on Sunday. But give the work-a-day folk the chance, and let the arrangements be so contrived that all shall get their fair share of rest from labour once in the week, turn and turn about. Difficult, we are aware, but not impossible. All work and no play is fatal; so let us have play in discretion, and let our motto be, "Fair Work and Fair Play."

Our Infant Seer.

LITTLE JACK HORNER,
Tottenham Corner
Watched, while the steeds shot by;
To his nose put his thumb,
Crying, "Foremost is—mum!"
What an oracle-boy am I!

MINTING—to obtain "the coin of 'vantage'?"

KEEP THY SEAT!

Liberal Unionist Song, sung with great success at a recent Primrose League Concert, by Lord Salisbury.

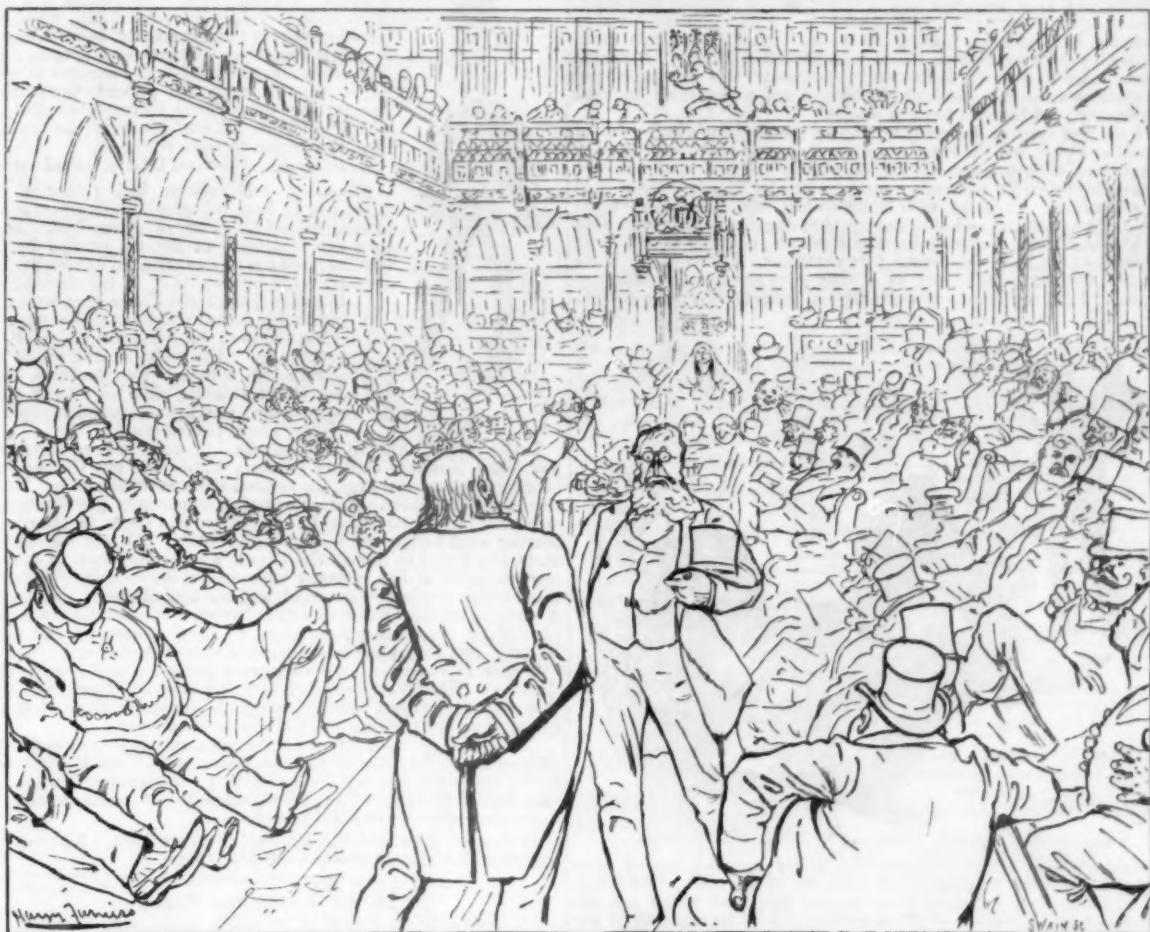
TEND them gently, touch them lightly,
Ruffle not a single hair,
Guide them deftly and politely
To a haven bright and fair,
With no idle word distress them,
Taunt and threat—cast both away;
Gingerly and coyly press them
In your circle charmed to stay:
And this pretty phrase repeat,
"Prithee, prithee, keep thy seat!"

You must guard them lest they suffer
From their own hot party strife,
Interpose and play the buffer
When divergencies grow rife.
Neither question nor confuse them,
Seem to live for them alone!
Thus will you adroitly use them,—
Make their triumph all your own.
So this pretty phrase repeat,
"Prithee, prithee, keep thy seat!"

LOCAL COLOUR.—In conformity with the artistic object of the undertaking, it is rumoured that Earl GRANVILLE will visit the Folkestone Exhibition, in the capacity of Warden of the *Cinque-cento Ports*.

ONE OF THE OLDEST, BUT LEAST CHARITABLE OF INSTITUTIONS.—That of Comparisons.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 33.



A FULL HOUSE—AFTER DINNER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 17.—Depression of trade in the carrying business partially arrested by development of politics in the House of Commons. Quite a common thing now to see heavy wagon crossing Palace Yard. Contents, a great cylinder of paper. This is a Petition for or against the Irish Government Bills. Threatened strike amongst Messengers. Didn't mind gymnastic exercises with Mr. BRADLAUGH, or expulsion of Irish Members. But this lugging of paper-rolls up and down stairs, and into House, provokes spirit of mutiny.

But what becomes of Petition after it has been presented? What effect does it have upon the Debate, much less on the Division? Nevertheless, MACDONALD a proud man as he looked upon the paper-clad cylinder, and watched the two Messengers artistically staggering in their efforts to carry it away.

New debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill. Grand Cross begins pecking at Members opposite as a sparrow on the roadside pecks at stray grains of seed. STANSFIELD made good speech, and BRYCE a better. Members on all sides cheered madly when BRYCE alluded to near contingency of Dissolution. Stranger in Gallery would suppose nothing an M.P. likes so much as General Election. Been seated less than six months. Now all he wants is another appeal to his constituents. Shouts with fierce delight at mere mention of thing. Still, when excitement of the cheering over, unmistakable air of sadness enveloped House. "Ah, few shall meet where many part!" says LYON PLAYFAIR, looking round on the crowded benches.

Just before midnight sad news goes round. Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY has just died. Lord FARNBOROUGH he was newly named, but had not taken his seat. Here we have not ceased to miss his familiar presence in the Chair, and now he has been called to "another place" not named in his patent of Peerage. A good, capable, courteous, kindly man, his memory will be kept green among the recollections of the older Parliaments.

Business done.—Adjourned Debate on Government of Ireland Bill.

Tuesday.—Still harping on the Home-Rule Bill. Before debate renewed, HICKS BEACH wanted to know when the debate would conclude. Thought it might very well come to an end on Friday. GLADSTONE suitably impressed with this anxiety on part of Leader of Opposition to expedite business. Unusual, but not less satisfactory. Still, not able to avail himself of extraordinary phenomena. Concerned largely for the Liberal dissentients. They naturally and justifiably anxious to explain to the House, "and," the PREMIER added, "to the Constituents," grounds of their dissent. Here Members tittered. Otherwise conversation carried out with profoundest gravity, greatly impressing strangers in the Gallery.

CHARLES LEWIS wanted to say a few words on proposition to renew Arms Act, but Parnellites, as usual, concerned upon point of order. TIM HEALY repeatedly rose to order. PARNELL turned up twice. MITCHELL HENRY, rising from opposite benches, received with shouts of pained surprise by Parnellites. Not unnaturally forgot something he had to say. Proposed, a little later, to continue remarks. This was more than mildest Parnellites could stand. "Spoken! Spoken!" they roared. After facing storm for two minutes by the clock, MITCHELL HENRY sat down.

"Ha! ha!" said JOSEPH GILLIS, rubbing his hands. "This is better. I'm getting blue mouldy for want of little excitement."

JOSEPH's eyes glistened again, when, as the Debate proceeded, SHAW LEFEVRE brought up CHAMBERLAIN. CHAMBERLAIN bland in manner, but evidently blazing in bosom. CHAPLIN in great form. Blooming with perorations like a rose garden in June. "DISRAELI hash," said RANDOLPH, as CHAPLIN denounced "this ill-omened and pernicious measure, conceived in darkness and concealment, hatched in secrecy, and brought forth in shame."

Speech of evening delivered by Sage of Queen Anne's Gate; full of point and pith, and the homely wisdom known as common sense. The Sage has a curious manner of investing his speech with conversational charm by pointedly addressing some particular Member other than the SPEAKER. To-night, with hands on hip, oscillating between the edge of the matting and the floor, performing incessantly a kind of double shuffle, he button-holed the PREMIER, chatting with him in friendliest manner, discussing CHAMBERLAIN, HARTINGTON, RANDOLPH, CHAPLIN, and others, as if they were alone in the smoking-room. PREMIER enjoyed conversation immensely, roaring with



"An 'Erratic' Season." L-bby and "The Merry Old Gentleman" laughting at the quips and cranks. House laughed too, all save CHAPLIN, who sat unmoved, with stern regard marvelling that House of Commons should delight in fooling of this kind whilst yet the Chamber held the echoes of the sonorous periods culminating in the reference to "the noblest monument of national and human greatness the world had ever seen in the Sovereign Parliament and in the Sovereign Empire of the QUEEN."

Wednesday.—"Ireland again!" said ROBERTSON. "Thought other parts of a kingdom still united might have a chance to-day."

THE BIG PETITION SHAM.

The House of Lords has agreed to the appointment of a Select Committee "to inquire into the validity of all petitions presented to that House for or against the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday (Durham) Bill, and of the signatures attached thereto, with a view to ascertaining how far such signatures are or are not genuine." And quite right, too. It is time that the great Petition Bubble were properly pricked. Petitions are always loosely and often dishonestly prepared. They are subject to no testing process. A mile of signatures deters the most dauntless analyst. But those who know most about the manner in which those signatures are obtained, will attach least value to them as a genuine expression of popular opinion. By proper



management a Monster Petition might be got up in favour of making beer-drinking penal, disfranchising Ireland, or abolishing the Deca-

logue. Much may be done with the aid of bogus signatures and babies. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that in a petition concerning the Durham Sunday Closing Bill "in one place some forty or fifty signatures had obviously been signed in the same handwriting and with the same pen and ink." Street boys and school children often sign publicly-paraded petition scrolls "just for a lark," without knowing or caring anything about their subject or aim. The multiplied signatures of pious bodies are often pious frauds. In short, a petition may mean much, little, or next to nothing, and it is well that inquiry should throw a little light into the dark places devoted to the mysterious workings of "Your Petitioners."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

Turned out otherwise. Parnellites got first place with Poor Law Guardians' Bill, which received support of Chief Secretary, and was carried by nearly two to one. In course of speech, JOHN MORLEY made matter-of-fact reference to what might happen when the present Government brought in their Local Government Bill, at which evidence of confidence in the future, Hon. Gentlemen opposite squirmed.

Business done.—Several Bills advanced a stage.

Thursday.—RANDOLPH had rather a bad quarter of an hour this evening. Question before House, Second Reading of Arms Bill. Some time ago in speech at Belfast, excited by the warlike presence of Orangemen, RANDOLPH had intimated his opinion that if the Home-Rule Bill were passed the Ulster men would be justified in armed resistance. Necessary, on reflection, to explain this away. As HARCOURT says, "The policy of Mr. SMITH has now become a policy of explanation. One day the Markis explains his twenty years of coercion, the next RANDOLPH explains his incitement to civil war."

Latter rather a comical performance. Dragged in Lord ALTHORPE and JOHN MORLEY, quoting passages which had not the remotest bearing on particular case, and applied them in justification. House roared with laughter. Only RANDOLPH apparently grave. GLADSTONE not in his place when RANDOLPH spoke. Came in later, and, hearing what had passed, fell upon RANDOLPH. "A late Secretary of State, one bound to advise the Crown when called upon to do so, a representative of law, charged with special responsibility in everything which touches public order, and the obligations of obedience." A scathing speech. But RANDOLPH, having triumphantly vindicated himself by these clear references to Lord ALTHORPE and JOHN MORLEY, had gone away to dinner, and missed the lecture.

Earlier in sitting, a most reassuring statement made on the Gun Question. HIBBERT questioned as to the state of affairs on H.M.S. ship *Colossus*, armed with 43-ton guns similar to those that had exploded on the *Collingwood*, had conclusive answer.

"She has," he said, "four 43-ton guns, and she has already fired them at sea without any serious result occurring;" and the Secretary to the Admiralty resumed his seat with a consciousness that if any man wanted more than that, he was unworthy of consideration.

Business done.—Arms Bill passed.

Friday.—"Me friend the Meejor" in great force. Alarums and withdrawals. *Business done.*—*No plus Ulster.*

To the Australian Team.

JUST wait, Captain H. J. H. SCOTT, wait awhile, Capricious Dan Phœbus must presently smile; The wickets will dry, you'll feel warmth in your blood, You'll take 'em on turf and not miss 'em in mud. And when the June sunshine gleams goldenly hot, We shall all have our work, Sir, cut out by "SCOTT's Lot."

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AFTER A DAY'S PLEASURE use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.



"Men laugh & riot till the just is over
Then comes the retribution and laugh no more."

THE DERBY.

FLAGGED, WEARY, and WORN.

ANY one whose duties require them to undergo mental or unnatural excitement or strain, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

IT allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition by natural means.

IT is PLEASANT, COOLING,
SPARKLING, REFRESHING, and
INVIGORATING.

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FOR BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE,
Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting,
Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness
and its Evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by a natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing Boils, Carbuncles, Fevers, Feverish Skin, Erysipelas, and all Epidemics, and counteracts any errors of EATING or DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents Diarrhoea. It is a pleasant beverage, which supplies the want of ripe fruit, so essential to the animal economy, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age, and may be continued for any length of time, and looked upon as being a simple product of fruit. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on January 2, 1884, says: "Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so; but, in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum—my little idol, at home, my household god, abroad, my *uide mecum*. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain. 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take, | But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
No waste of this elixir make, | Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Sold by all Chemists.

EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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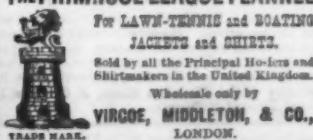
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The lovely tresses "Chatala Fingers" can be
imparted to the hair by combing by the
method of W. WINTER, 47, Cleveland St., London.
Price 6s., 10s., 12s., 14s. For tinting gray or faded
hair AQUINE is invaluable.



II.

But, alas! 'tis not well
Such events to foretell;
The day after this notice came out,
Grandfather McCarty,
Though quite Hale and hearty,
Was suddenly stricken with gout.
The young ladies fretted, they pouted, they cried—
Their party must be given even if grandfather died.



IV.

But, alas! the next day
Their hope faded away,
For young Miss McCarty fell down.
She sprained both her knees,
And 'twas no use to tease,
No use any longer to frown;
That no party could be given was now very plain,
For the doctor pronounced hers an awful bad sprain.



VI.

"The Misses McCarty
Gave a very large party,
On the First of December, at ten,
And the evident pleasure
Was almost without measure
Of the ladies and young gentlemen."
This appeared in the papers just after the ball,
And was read with a thorough enjoyment by all.



III.

But fate seemed adverse,
For what was still worse,
Their dear little three-year-old pet,
Pulling over a pot
Filled with water quite hot,
A terrible scalding did get;
But, although they loved baby best of them all,
They could not give up all hopes of their ball.



V.

But, be sure, for such grief
There will come some relief,
If you only hope on to the end.
The die was not cast,
For this aid came at last,
In the shape of a very kind friend,
Who declared it too bad such pleasure to spoil,
And advised them at least to try St. Jacobs Oil.

Six Gold Medals have been awarded St. Jacobs Oil for its marvellous power to cure pain. It acts like magic. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who had been lame and crippled with pain over twenty years. It cures Rheumatism. It cures Neuralgia. It cures Faceache. It cures Backache. It cures Bruises, Sprains, and other bodily pains. It is an external remedy. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure. It is sold by Chemists throughout Great Britain, at 2s. 6d.; by post, 2s. 6d. None genuine unless it has our signature, on the wrapper, and our name blown in the glass of the bottle. The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Sole Proprietors. Great Britain Branch, 48, Farringdon Road, London.

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